

DISCONTENT

"MOTHER OF PROGRESS"

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WHOLE NO. 121.

POST-ELECTION REFLECTIONS.

Now that the excitement and rancor attending the political campaign are over, it may not be out of place to indulge in some reflections concerning the whole matter. Those of us who took no part whatever either in the preliminary work, or in the subsequent voting, can survey the field at least without undue prejudice in favor of either party, and pass a fairly intelligent opinion upon the late quadrennial performance.

Some weeks previous to the election, before the Republican bosses had made a thorough canvass of the country, there seemed to be considerable doubt which would prove the winning side. The surprising strength of Bryan sentiment in the east, the support of influential newspapers in that locality and of Croker and Tammany Hall, all seemed for the time to indicate a turn in the political affairs of the nation. There was even a note of uncertainty in some of the speeches of the Republican party orators, while the Democrats, from their energetic leader down to his humblest follower, were unanimous in predicting the success of their cause. Then it was that the shadow of the "Man on Horseback," dark, ominous, threatening, appeared above the political horizon, menacing the very foundations of the republic, and many prophesied that if Bryan should be elected a great catastrophe would befall the nation.

Not long ago I read an article by Richard Croker, the Tammany chief, setting forth the wonderful strength and influence in New York state of his organization; but powerful as is Tammany Hall, with its perfect system, it is but a puny instrument when compared with the great Republican machine with its vast resources, and that machine in the hands of so unscrupulous a leader as Mark Hanna is doubly powerful. This satyr-like genius of his party never seemed to doubt the issue of the campaign, or to lack confidence in the ultimate success of his plans. To those who are conversant with the arts of politicians, and who have some knowledge of the way national political campaigns are managed, the serene and confident attitude of this man of power was in itself almost a sufficient guarantee of the result of the election. Had there been the least doubt in his mind we should have witnessed abundant evidence of it during the campaign. His assurance was not the result of guess work but of absolute knowledge. The American people have yet to learn the terrible truth that such men as Mark Hanna can calculate the success or failure of a national political party with unerring certainty. And so the lesser lights of the Republican party gained new confidence, and it was evident to the thoughtful observer some weeks before the election that the Republican party would be the victor. Then for the time being the threatening shadow disappeared, for the gullible, unthinking people themselves voluntar-

ily express their approval of the policy that is to sound the death knell of their liberties.

There is something infinitely pitiable in the aspect of millions of human beings fondly hugging the chains of their slavery. The episode of the "full dinner pail" would be ludicrous were it not so tragic in its effects. There is not the least doubt that the people, blinded by surface indications of prosperity, gave their willing indorsement to the gigantic robber scheme which furnishes them work with a full belly while trebly piling up the profits of their economic masters. The people (the great majority) are satisfied with drudgery and a full dinner pail. This is their highest ideal of prosperity; the happiest earthly condition which they can imagine. The plutocracy has indeed cause to congratulate itself over the very easy path which leads them to greater power.

It is useless to attempt to predict events for the next four years, or to say in what manner the late victory of the Republican party will affect the country at large. Political events have their influence, no doubt, in shaping the destinies of nations; but the principle factor at bottom is the economic status of the people. That we are fast hurrying on to great economic changes is evident to all radicals, and many conservative thoughtful people can likewise read the signs of the times. It is as useless also to say what might have been the outcome had Bryan been elected. Perhaps he would have been assassinated. Perhaps we should have had an empire. A few might have attempted to revolt and to establish an ideal new republic on the ruins of the old. But the mournful fact remains that the mass, the overwhelming majority, are still satisfied with a full belly, even though its assurance may be but temporary, and do not want a revolution. They do not want Anarchism or Socialism. Even the mild demands of the Single Tax find no favor in their eyes. And as the people will so must it be.

WM. HOLMES.

HELL.

This is warm subject for an essay, but one to be handled without gloves. There was once a time when I doubted the existence of hell, but since I became a social rebel I have been catching so much of the subject that I have gradually got back to orthodox ideas relating thereto. Then there is Mark Hanna. What in the world would Jehovah do with him if there was no hell? It might be suggested that Hanna's presence anywhere would be sufficient to raise hell—if it did not already exist; but that is an unkind reflection. The Christian church is responsible for the idea of hell. Besides raising the idea, it has also raised the object on a good many occasions. Infidels wickedly and impiously assert that a popular disbelief in hell would play hell with the church, but the devil will get them for that. The popu-

lar idea of hell is that it is a country with a red-hot climate, where overcoats are entirely out of fashion and seal-skin sacks are strictly tabooed. This is Talmage's idea, and he knows. In the orthodox plan of salvation hell is a sort of general dumping ground for everything human that fails to get provided with a ticket to the gospel show. This looks like an unfair scheme to drum up a crowd, but it doesn't appear to have accomplished much in that direction.

There is a doubt in some minds as to whether hell is a condition or a locality. The truly orthodox believe in the locality theory. The church cannot give up the blessed consolation of faith in a red-hot hell, and the ministers of God insist that the church should hold on to the straight article—club-footed Devil, pitchfork, spiked tail and all. No hell, no fear; no fear, no pay; no pay, no preach! The Devil gone, the skipper's occupation would go, too. Knock hell out of the Christian creed, and you knock hell out of the Christian minister's salary. There you are. The whole thing is tied up in a circle.

The Bible has but little to say about hell, and that little indicates that the grave is meant. Hell is the English version of the Greek word Hades and the Hebrew word Gehenna, both of which mean, in their original languages, the grave, or a pit where the dead are interred. The church idea of hell is the invention of priests and monks of the Dark Ages, who thought they could frighten humanity into heaven with fireworks, as the Chinese used to think they could defeat an enemy in battle by making hideous faces. (The Chinaman is no beauty, anyway.) And I imagine that an army of the yellow-faced rascals making facial contortions would be well calculated to alarm the Christian Devil himself. It would be as bad as a volley of stinkpots. These same priests and monks also invented purgatory, a doctrine that filled the treasury of the Catholic church to bursting with cash, but this idea is the exclusive property of the Roman hierarchy—patented and copyrighted. Protestantism did not borrow this idea from the mother church, but they took everything else in the way of doctrine that wasn't locked up, or nailed down, including the Sunday, first-day sabbath, which was instituted by edict of Constantine, 325 years after Christ, and confirmed by Pope Sylvester II. The Bible sabbath was, and is, Saturday, the seventh day of the week.

Hell, as a place or locality, is purely a fable. As an allegory, representing a condition of existence, it is a truth that none will question. Hell and heaven, as the ultimates of pain and pleasure, of vice and virtue, exist in the precincts of the human mind—and nowhere else.

Heaven and hell are a condition. Could all the glory of God's golden throne itself banish for a moment the shadow in the heart of a mother whose child is forever lost? Could heaven ex-

ist for the husband whose loved and loving wife is numbered with the damned? Can Joy mount to Paradise while Love and Pity are searching hell for their loved and lost? No. If hell and heaven were localities the tears of heaven would quench forever the flames of hell.

Heaven and hell as places of local existence is the church idea of a future life, and to me either place is equally uninviting. A future in either place to me is a worse prospect than another Republican administration. I shall be charged with blasphemy, but that is what I think. In heaven, as the church has it planned, I would find John Calvin, who crucified pity on the cross of his superstitious creed, and who burned his friend, Dr. Servetus, at the stake because he differed with him upon some theological point not worth thinking about. The presence of that Presbyterian bigot would poison the atmosphere of any heaven for me. Then when I think of those barred out of heaven by the church—of Shakespeare, Goethe, Shelley, Bruno, Gibbon, Darwin, Jefferson, Paine, Ingersoll—I should want to emigrate; I would prefer the company in hell! If the church is right, Wagner and Mozart, those masters of music and melody, are in hell, and hell has better music than heaven.

I am told that I must not ridicule sacred things. To me nothing is sacred but the truth. The absurdities of church doctrines are no more sacred than the church itself. The church is not Christianity. Creeds are not the word of God. I have a profound respect for the book called the Bible, but for the nonsensical babble of priest and preacher I have no reverence and but slight respect. And this doctrine of hell is not of the Bible. It was born in the narrow brain of priestcraft, conceived in the gloom of the Dark Ages, and was hatched to terrify and enslave the human mind that the church might rule.

"The kingdom of heaven is within," says the Bible. So, also, is the kingdom of hell. Heaven is happiness; hell is unhappiness. The good, the pure, the noble achieve heaven, because goodness, purity, nobility of character, give peace to the mind—create happiness. And sin and crime lead truly down to hell—not a hell of flame and pain, but the hell of misery and despair. To achieve heaven you must believe, says the church. To achieve happiness you must do good, says reason. That is my religion—to do good. That is my creed—And in doing good to our suffering fellow men, we serve God. That is my faith, my creed. And the church says I will be damned for it. ROSS WINN.

"What's your purpose here?" asked the savage.

"We are going to civilize you," answered the white man who had just landed.

"Ah! what do you use—Springfield, Lee-Metford or Krag-Jorgensen?"—Washington Star.

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A SENSELESS PHRASE.

Of all absurd phrases that of "the science of government" is the most senseless. There can be no science of so empirical and arbitrary a practice as government. The golden rule is scientific—the practice of good for evil is scientific. No government has ever stood the test of rectitude of the straight edge of the golden rule. No one is able to give a reason why or how much any man should be punished for any given crime. No one can furnish a fixed and invariable scale by which to measure deserts for crime.

If government can be reduced to a science, some scale would have been furnished ere this by the experience of the race in all ages, by which to measure, with some degree of uniformity, the penalties due transgressions.

All governments and man-made laws are the result of men's ignorance and brutal passions. No appeal is ever made to the nobler and better emotions of legislators except to repeal laws or mitigate penalties.

No reason can be offered for punishing a man for violating a moral law of his being by man-inflicted penalties, more than for inflicting further pain on him for violating a physical law by thrusting his right hand into a fire because he put his left hand in. As well further torture a sick man for getting sick as to torture him for violating his moral nature. Punishment never righted a wrong done. To make a wound in B does not heal the wound he made in A. To punch A's eye out does not restore the eye of B that A punched out.

When the defenders of government are pushed to the wall for argument their last effort is, that "punishment deters men from crime." On the contrary, it hardens their minds for more. If punishment deters, why not make the penalty death for all crime and end all crime if it was effectual? At one time in England 200 crimes had death penalties and there was more criminality then than when as now in the United States but treason and murder have death penalties.

The consensus of the civilized world is that like begets like, and cruel punishments beget more cruelty. Executions are now in secret, owing to the murderous effect the public witnessing of executions have on the mind. If to murder one man because he murdered another deters others from repeating the same crime, why not have public executions that all may be deterred by the sight? It is known to be brutally demoralizing.

If no one ever heard of murder, of hanging, of war, no one would commit a murder. The psychic effect of hearing of war, of seeing pictures of battles, is very brutalizing. All discussions of wars, especially favorable discussions, should be avoided and discouraged.

The evil effect of the wars in the last two years has been enough to generate sufficient bad blood, if congested in a few persons, to produce a murder in every county in the United States.

When murder is committed by government, and sanctioned by men in high places, like McKinley and Bryan, how can we expect exemption from murder by individuals at home?

Like begets like. Love begets love. Hate begets hate. Tyranny begets tyranny. Freedom begets a love and respect for others' freedom.

All we can do is to live a life of non-invasion as an example and teach freedom by precept. J. C. BARNES.

THE FULL DINNER PAIL.

Of all the hoaxes, unblushing fakes and silly jingoism ever successfully foisted on a gullible public the full-dinner-bucket argument of the Republicans during the late campaign was one of the worst.

The panic which culminated during Cleveland's administration, but which was well on its way before his election, caused a great deal of stagnation in business, lack of employment of wage earners and consequent suffering, but all this would have been the same had McKinley been our monarch at that time. Yet the republican politicians were able to make the great mass of the wage earners believe that all that stagnation and suffering was due to the "policy of the administration." The democratic politicians, on the other hand, were unable to successfully refute this argument, for they had, in years gone by, blamed the republican administration for our woes and ills.

Yes, the dinner buckets of the wage earners have been full of late years, but full of what? Did you ever stop to think what was in that dinner-bucket argument? The war in the east has made a market for our surplus horses, hay and provisions, we are told. So far as the Pacific states are concerned that is true, but all this is yet to be paid for, and who will have to pay it? Labor alone pays all debts, all bills.

We find in the dinner bucket the blood of those who fought for liberty, and of those who thought they were fighting for liberty. We find, also, the blood of innocent women and children, of old men and cripples. That is the foundation of much of the "fullness" above. Then, too, we find the ghastly corpses of the gold hunters in Alaska, for much of the "prosperity" of the Pacific coast is due to the mad rush for the Alaska gold fields, and the history of that rush is one of desperation, struggle and despair, brightened a little, here and there, by a few bits of the useless yellow metal.

The next layer in the contents of that bucket is wind, for while wages have remained stationary, or advanced but 10 per cent at the most, the cost of living has gone up from 25 per cent to 40 per cent. Under those circumstances the wage earners, as a class, are worse off than before. In spite of all these very palpable facts, the great mass of bread winners were fooled by the cry of the full dinner pail, and a few days ago voted for a continuation of the foul, murderous policy of the present administration.

It indeed presents a gloomy picture. It makes one despair of ever seeing his

fellow toilers awake to a sense of their present position, and the position they might hold in the social structure. But there is a bright side to it after all. We can learn a lesson, perhaps.

If the mass of men are so purely stomach, so devoid of all other considerations that they will uphold a full dinner bucket, when filled as before described: when they consider nothing but a full stomach and turn a blind eye and deaf ear to appeals to their sense of justice, or a desire for liberty, then we must dangle before their eyes the material gain which would come to them by the triumph of our theories. Yes, if we have to appeal to mere animated stomachs, we must present the few hours of labor necessary to fill a dinner bucket when the parasites have become things of the past.

Dark days are before the wage earners of this country, or I miss my guess, and it behooves us to be spreading the light of liberty: of a constantly full stomach, of abundant leisure, of plenty of all things desirable at the trifling cost of a few hours work per day, instead of a life of toil, many hours per day, for a mere existence.

Yes, let us shed the light with redoubled vigor. Many of the disgruntled ones will now listen. Many now satisfied will remember what we say when the dark days come. HENRY ADDIS.

WHY?

Upon no one subject is there greater diversity of opinion than that of sex association. This diversity is fully manifested by the letter signed W. O. B. and the comment by Jas. W. Adams in No. 117 of DISCONTENT. That the illiterate, those who are deficient in mentality, and those with limited opportunities for investigation, should decline to discuss sex association is in accord with their education, their character and their propensities to magnify or minify any fact in nature. That they should be a unit in taboing sexual freedom is accounted for by the fact that in their ignorance of the law of sex they think others would do as they would were it not for legal restrictions; that is, that under freedom men and women would give themselves over to prostitution. Even the most superficial observer of men and things readily accounts for the disinclination to discuss sex, but it is necessary to go beneath the surface to account for the diversity of opinion between Mr. B— and Comrade A—. In this case we find both men intelligent. How then are we to account for this diversity? The prejudiced, bigoted non-conformist will say that Mr. B—, though intelligent and seemingly earnest, is a hypocrite, while the ultra orthodox will say the same of Comrade A—.

Such conclusions are wholly erroneous. He who lives above the fog of musty traditions knows that the difference between these disputants is not one of intelligence and integrity but simply one of observation and experience.

The question naturally rises why then this diversity of opinion? To which I will say the determining factor in all matters is the credibility of the witnesses—first, their character for truth and sound judgment; second, their opportunities for observation and experience. In this case we find both men have seen, heard and felt the same facts,

the same sensations, the same emotions. They have seen the dire effects of the abuse of sex—they speak from personal knowledge—yet, with all the facts to be found on every hand, they arrive at diametrically opposite conclusions. Why this seeming incongruity? Since a fact is one thing and the use one puts it to is quite another, it is obvious that since both are in possession of the facts that one or the other, or both, have failed to put each fact just where it belongs, or, having done this, they are neither analytical or logical, hence arrive at different conclusions.

What sex association will be under freedom is but speculative at present. What it is now, under state regulation and church sanctification, is known by all who take the trouble to think. Our divorce courts unveil the hypocrisies of the divine institutions, our asylums proclaim the bestiality of "whom God hath joined together let no man put asunder."

Free man, free woman from Godism and Grundyism, and raped wives, unloved husbands, degenerate children will no longer make the home a veritable holocaust of bright anticipations and reasonable expectations; free man and the demon of lust will no longer dominate his faculties and leave him a victim of a perverted appetite; then no longer will the saloon and the brothel be the only places in Christendom that welcome the stranger in his own native land; free man from the three G's and the hands on the dial of progress will stride forward a thousand years, and sexual hypocrisy, secret vices, lacerated hearts, shredded nerves, feticide and syphilis will be banished from earth, and men and women meet as friends and coworkers for good to all.

O. B. SERVER.

Contemplating the formidable figures for articles of personal apparel incorporated in our bill against Turkey, on the missionaries' account, the Hartford Times is moved to conclude that our missionaries in Asia are good dressers, and do not have to sleep on the floor. One missionary put in a claim for \$72 worth of shoes. A lady missionary is represented by a bill of \$76 for footwear. The same preacher's loss in clothing is computed at \$879, and in bedding \$359. The lady missionary's lost wardrobe is inventoried at \$1,138, with an additional item of \$215 for bedding and another of \$300 for pictures and photographs. A preacher of the same name as the lady missionary, presumably her reverend papa, is put down as having lost \$1,342 in clothing, \$1,000 in furniture, and \$2,200 in notes and bonds. The personal effects of this single individual aggregate \$9,000 in the bill of damages. There are other claims showing that either the missionaries were, as the Times infers, remarkably "well heeled," or else are gambling on the indemnity. It is not strange that the Sultan refuses to be bulldozed into summary payment of the alleged damages.—Monitor.

It is not hunger, it is not hunger alone, that cries out everywhere and holds out its hands, but it is revolt against the intolerable falseness which pervades all the organs of our existence, which deforms, poisons, and threatens them with death. This falseness must be done away with before we can live, or even exist.—Gabriele d'Annunzio.

CHAINS.

BY NELLIE M. JERAULD.

CHAPTER XX—Continued.

When Andrew proposed to Howard to take advantage of the excursion Howard said: "I would like to go, but I haven't the money. Andrew, where does the money come from that your grandfather gives me every month? I know that my father died poor, and I have often intended asking about it, but somehow my courage failed me."

"I can't tell you anything about it, Howard; but I know that my grandfather would tell you if you would ask him."

During the day Andrew told Jennie of Howard's question, and as Rollin had asked her to tell him she concluded that the time had come. While they were at dinner she said: "I want to take a ride this afternoon; who will be my driver? Can you spare the time, Howard?"

"Of course, I can, Aunt Jennie."

"Very well, I will be ready at 3 o'clock."

After a few remarks concerning the weather, the scenery, and the new horse he was driving, Howard said: "Aunt Jennie, I would like to know something of my past. I want to know where the money comes from that Uncle Andrew gives me every month. I want to know why I am here. I know that my father is dead, but where is my mother? And am I related to any of the Fairview people?"

"One question at a time is all that I can answer, and the best way to do is to go back some years before you were born."

Then Jennie told him of Miss Gaskell, of the trouble between his father and his fiancée.

"I will give you the letters and a picture of your father and Miss Gaskell taken during that time; they have been kept until you wanted them. I do not know whether the woman whom your father married was the cause of this separation or whether it was some other."

Then, as gently as possible, Jennie told of the mother, of her desertion, of where he was left, and of the father's death. Then came the story of Miss Gaskell's sickness and death, of Ida's bravery, and the subsequent finding of the will.

"The Waltham brothers are dead, and all your affairs were placed in Uncle Andrew's care, that is why he gives you a certain sum of money every month, and now you know as much about yourself as I can tell you, my dear boy. I do not know that you have any relatives. We have tried to find them, if any existed, but you seem to be alone so far as ties of blood are concerned, but no one could love you more than we do."

"Nor be more kind to me; but," he added bitterly, "it seems that I have nothing to be very proud of in my ancestors."

"And why should we have pride in our ancestors, Howard? That, it seems to me, is a very foolish pride. It is through no merit of ours that they accomplish anything. Any great work they did, any good or evil, does not rebound to our credit or make us any the less meritorious. To do the best we

can, to make the most of our opportunity, that is our duty. Many a man has fallen from great heights to the lowest depths and many a man has risen from the lowest depths to great heights."

"I know all that is true, but you know the world does not look at it in that way."

"The world is very senseless and foolish in most things that really count for our wellbeing and happiness. My life has been a long fight against the shams and hollowness of the world. I decided long ago to live my own life and to get a greater degree of happiness than usually falls to the lot of women. To do that I had to defy the opinion of the world. I have done so and have never been sorry. Some time, Howard, I will tell you the story of the people of Fairview farm. In fact, I have thought of writing it, for it would make an interesting story, but I have never had the time. Life is very much as we make it. Our sorrows, as well as our joys, we bring upon ourselves very often. The only way is to do right as nearly as we understand what is right. We must regard the feelings of others, to some extent, but not to the degree of making ourselves slaves. There is such a thing as becoming cowards, and the thought of 'what will they say' makes us turn from the straight path. Your life is before you, you can make it what you will. I do not think it right to dwell upon the past, for it has gone; neither do I think it best to live in the thought of the future—that does not belong to us; we have only the present, and that is but a point of time connecting the past and the future. Let us make the most of that time, filling it so full of pleasure and good that we will never regret it."

"Aunt Jennie, it always makes me feel better and more hopeful to have a long talk with you. I think you understand me."

"Only because I know the hopes and wishes of your heart. You have always confided in me. And now, my dear Howard, I think you should go to New York with Andrew. You have traveled very little and are old enough to begin to see some of your own country."

"You know, Aunt Jennie, that I have not enough money."

"I will buy the colt you tried to sell last week. I think she is going to be a valuable animal; that lameness, I am sure, comes from a sprain and can be cured. This morning Mr. Bascom was over to see Rollin, and wanted to buy one of his Jerseys. Now, if you care to part with any of your herd, you have an opportunity, as Rollin said he did not think it best to sell any of his. We can drive to Bascom's and you can make your arrangements."

"No one but you could have managed so nicely, Aunt Jennie, and I am grateful to you."

When they returned home Howard told Andrew that he would go to New York with him, as he had sold the colt and Jersey. That night Jennie asked Howard to come to her room. It was not often that he had such an invitation and he gladly accepted.

"Howard, I want to give you the letters and pictures that belong to you. Uncle Andrew says it is an excellent likeness of your father; that of Miss Gaskell was taken when she was young. I did not meet her until she had met with defeat and disappointment, and

her hair was white and her face bore many marks of care and thought. We have no picture of your mother."

Howard took the package and said: "I will read the letters, for I want to know something of my father. I feel very kindly toward Miss Gaskell; in fact," he continued, as he smiled sadly, "I feel that she should have been my mother, for she surely loved father and was faithful to his memory."

"Yes, she undoubtedly loved him, but what a mistake she made. That love was a selfish love, for she could allow him no pleasure which she did not share. The idea of ownership was predominant, but you will see that and many other ideas which will seem new to you. Our life here, Howard, has been very different from the majority of lives, as you will find when you mingle more with the world. That is one reason why I am anxious for you to go among strangers. I want you to know and understand the difference between legal right and moral right. The two are not identical, though many will tell you that they are. I want you to know what constitutes purity; you will find that the world views these things in a light new to you." Jennie then went to him and, putting a hand on each shoulder, further said: "You are a tall, manly fellow, very different, indeed, from the shy, timid child who came to us years ago. I love you, Howard, and, though I know you should learn these things, I dread for you to come in contact with the world's sham, hypocrisy and wickedness."

"Aunt Jennie, you have been as kind to me as a mother could have been and I love you dearly, and hope never to disappoint you in any way, but, auntie, you spoke of purity. I think"—and here the old shyness took possession of him.

"Well, Howard, what do you think?"

"I think that Blossom is everything that is pure and sweet and beautiful. Auntie, I love her."

"My dear Howard, Blossom is only a child, and cannot know her own heart. Just now she is grieving because her playmate, Andrew, is going away and he comforts her by saying that he will bring her something nice from the city. Time enough for love. Let my Blossom be a child as long as possible."

The big boy stooped and kissed her and then said: "I will wait, auntie, but may I try to win Blossom?"

"You mean may you try to win her love. I would say nothing either against or for that. Anything that will make my darling happy is what I wish for her. She has been guarded and loved and has known no great sorrow, and love brings sorrow, as pleasure brings pain." She noticed Howard's surprise but continued: "You do not think that true? It is said there is no rose without a thorn. If you go through Blossom's rose garden you will find that the largest, most perfect, roses have the long, slender-pointed thorns, while those that are thornless, and she has a few of those, are small, very inferior, and last but a day. Draw your own analogy, my boy. I have found in my life that the sweetest and most precious of my pleasures hid the keenest pain; and so you will find as you go through life. But I have given you quite a sermon, and I know the family are wondering if we are going to join them tonight."

A few days later Howard and Andrew

started for the city. Ida was glad to have Andrew go, but she said: "I will miss you, my boy, but you cannot be tied to my apron strings all your life."

"I have not felt them, mother, but if all boys could have such guiding reins, they would turn out better men."

"All boys have not such mothers, Andrew," said James.

When the goodbys were spoken Jennie watched Blossom. Howard took her hand and gazed lovingly into her eyes; she did not seem to notice it, but put up her lips for a kiss and said:

"Goodby, Howard, I hope you will have a nice time."

But when Andrew said goodby Blossom put her arms around his neck and said: "It will be awfully lonely without you, Andrew," and then could say no more, for the tears choked her.

"She considers both as brothers, but Andrew is dearer because he has been her playmate for years," was Jennie's conclusion. "Her heart is free from all love except that which would fill the heart of a child."

(To be continued.)

THE OTHER GOSPEL.

In all the history of human affairs I doubt if there has ever been a condition that could, in any sense, approach the situation in China today. Many of the newspapers say "Grave! Serious!" While this is in a sense true, viewed from another standpoint, it is absolutely ludicrous. The very idea of England and America taking a hand in teaching good government to a heathen country, when plain, straight heathenism is a virtue compared with the political corruption that reigns in these so-called Christian lands.

It is within the present century that England was guilty of the high crime of thrusting opium upon China, at the cannon's mouth and the point of the bayonet, and that, too, at a time when there was a law among the heathen that forbade the culture of poppy and placed a death penalty upon the manufacture of opium. For the millions of revenue received this so-called Christian country was willing to become responsible for 200,000,000 of debased and ruined heathen, over a million of them dying every year.

Two of the most cruel wars ever waged between nations were for no other purpose than to compel a heathen people to accept as merchandise, at the hands of Christian people, that which in its very nature must lead to debauchery and degradation compared to which the natural condition of the people is not to be mentioned. English and American missionaries go to teach them the principles taught by the Nazarene, and while the missionary is successful in winning one convert to Christianity, opium makes 2,000 smokers—2,000 doomed to moral and physical wreck.

It seems to the "powers that be" in this land most fitting that we, too, should take a hand in "seeing to it that better government is instituted in the empire." This may sound very well to the average American, but not to one who has just witnessed a national political convention and beheld the pitiful scene where a beefy mass of adipose tissue whose millions bribed his way to office and power, where he has become the natural father of all the corruption that makes the record of

Recent years at our nation's capital one from which even a Chinaman would turn with supreme abhorrence and disgust. To one who is the least familiar with the acts of Apostle Hanna and who realizes that he has been successful in introducing in Christian America a new political creed and teaching it by vote to the creeping, cowering, crawling puppets who have some favor to seek or end to accomplish; to a close student of the new policies of imperialism and conquest—in short, to any thinking intelligent man or woman, there is nothing more unspeakably amusing than the bare-faced impertinence and pious cant of these two powers starting out under a divine commission. "Go ye into all the world and shoot the gospel of good government into all the peoples, beginning with China and the Philippines." Shades of Washington and shades of Lincoln! Come from your graves and rebuke the spirit of Mammon which permeates the Anglo-Saxon race!—Jessie Ackerman.

ASSOCIATION NOTES.

Frank Odell spent two days here last week.

The frost has spoiled the huckleberries. They drop off the bushes as soon as you touch them now.

W. K. Smith has begun housekeeping in her new house. She built one room for a kitchen and will add other rooms to it.

Quite a number of salmon are being caught here now. L. Hicklin has over 70 to his credit. All who wish catch a few. They are fine smoked.

Eighteen of our residents went to Balch to a dance on the 18th inst. They were received with a glad hand and enjoyed themselves. Our people are always pleased to meet with those surrounding us as it dispels erroneous ideas concerning us.

We had a taste of winter weather last week. Snow and quite cold for this locality. Someone said the thermometer went down to 6 degrees. We usually have a little snow here and a little freezing weather, but it is unusual to have it so early. It seldom comes before the latter part of January or the first of February.

The land owned by the Mutual Home Association is located on an arm of Henderson bay known locally as Joes bay, and is 13 miles west from Tacoma on an air line, but the steamer route is about 20 miles.

The association is simply a land-holding institution, and can take no part in the starting of an industry. All industries are inaugurated by the members interested and those willing to help them. Streets are not opened yet and we have no sidewalks. Those thinking of coming here must expect to work, as it is not an easy task to clear this land and get it in condition for cultivation. There are 72 people here—21 men, 19 women and 32 children. We are not having communistic, but there is nothing in our articles of incorporation and agreement to prohibit any number of persons from living in that manner if they desire to do so. Those writing for information will please inclose a self-addressed, stamped envelope for reply.

A COMPARISON.

The other day one of our school girls received a letter from one of her former schoolmates in Missouri and in it was written that two of the pupils were expelled from school for writing notes. The recipient of the letter in talking to me could not refrain from comparing the strict regime of the ordinary school and our own at Home. Of course, the mind of the teacher must direct in the school-room, but in that, as well as in national affairs, that government is best that governs least.

What a lot of foolish restrictions are put upon pupils in the public schools. It reminds me of the mother who told one of the older boys to see what his brother was doing and tell him to stop. One is forcibly struck with the liberty of thought and action allowed in our school here. A pupil who does not wish to take part in any of the exercises is allowed to remain in his seat, the teacher depending on the interest she can awaken in him to cause him to join the class. No one need ask to leave the room. One may do so at will unless the teacher sees the privilege is being abused. These are only samples of the liberty of action allowed here, and you must not imagine that the school is disorderly. There is that busy hum of the workshop, but little noise that is not necessary. All superfluous restriction is dropped.

What kind of fruit will it bring forth? I do not know, but I am convinced that better and more natural boys and girls will be the product than those that have been cramped by the coercive and, for the most part, foolish restrictions of our common schools. Liberty is life and happiness. Coercion is death and misery. G. H. ALLEN.

THE FIRST DUTY.

Who can compute what the world loses in the multitude of promising intellects combined with timid character, who dare not follow out any bold, vigorous, independent train of thought lest it should land them in something which would admit of being considered irreligious or immoral? No one can be a great thinker who does not recognize that, as a thinker, it is his first duty to follow his intellect to whatever conclusions it may lead.—J. S. Mill.

HOW TO GET TO HOME.

All those intending to make us a visit will come to Tacoma and take the steamer TYPHOON for HOME. The steamer leaves Commercial dock on Monday, Wednesday and Friday at 1 p.m. Leaves Sunday at 8 a.m. Be sure to ask the captain to let you off at HOME.

RECEIPTS.

Saultz \$1, Herman \$1, Johnson \$1, Meek 50c, Dahl 50c, Mayer 50, Soule 10c.

VIEWS OF HOME.

1. General View of Home from Rocky Point and entrance to Bay. Two views—one taken in July, 1899, and the other in 1900, showing improvements.
2. Clam Digging.
3. Boat and Beach Scene.
4. Across the Bay.
5. Rocky Point.
6. King Residence.
7. Worden Residence.
8. Adams Residence.
9. Cheyese Residence.
10. Discontent Office.
Price, mounted, 25 cents; unmounted, 15 cents. Order by number of DISCONTENT. As new views are taken they will be added to the list.

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A NEW FAMILY MEDICAL WORK.

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ORDER OF DISCONTENT.

Articles of Incorporation and Agreement of the Mutual Home Association.

Be it remembered, that on this 17th day of January, 1898, we, the undersigned, have associated ourselves together for the purpose of forming a corporation under the laws of the State of Washington.

That the name of the corporation shall be The Mutual Home Association.

The purpose of the association is to assist its members in obtaining and building homes for themselves and to aid in establishing better social and moral conditions.

The location of this corporation shall be at Home, located on Joes Bay, Pierce County, State of Washington; and this association may establish in other places in this state branches of the same where two or more persons may wish to locate.

Any person may become a member of this association by paying into the treasury a sum equal to the cost of the land he or she may select, and one dollar for a certificate, and subscribing to this agreement.

The affairs of this association shall be conducted by a board of trustees, elected as may be provided for by the by-laws.

A certificate of membership shall entitle the legal holder to the use and occupancy of not less than one acre of land nor more than two (less all public streets) upon payment annually into the treasury of the association a sum equal to the taxes assessed against the tract of land he or she may hold.

All money received from memberships shall be used only for the purpose of purchasing land. The real estate of this association shall never be sold, mortgaged or disposed of. A unanimous vote of all members of this association shall be required to change these articles of incorporation.

No officer, or other person, shall ever be empowered to contract any debt in the name of this association.

All certificates of membership shall be for life.

Upon the death of any member a certificate of membership shall be issued covering the land described in certificate of membership of deceased.

First: To person named in will or bequest.

Second: Wife or husband.

Third: Children of deceased; if there is more than one child they must decide for themselves.

All improvements upon land covered by certificate of membership shall be personal property, and the association as such has no claim thereto.

Any member has the right of choice of any land not already chosen or set aside for a special purpose.

CERTIFICATE OF MEMBERSHIP.

This is to certify that has subscribed to the articles of incorporation and agreement and paid into the treasury of the Mutual Home Association the sum of . . . dollars, which entitles . . . to the use and occupancy for life of lot . . . block . . . as platted by the association, upon complying with the articles of agreement.